THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Lines on the death of M. M. a child: addressed to her parents.

Ah! whence, my dear friends, are those tears
Which ceaselessly flow from your eyes?
Whence that anguish, my friends, that appears
In those sighs,—those disconsolate sighs?
If those tears for your Margaret are shed,
Those sighs for your daughter are giv'n,
Reflect that 'from wretchedness fled'
The cherub can't need them in heav'n.

When she languish'd in sickness and pain,
And her little heart made its sad moan,
Like your own, *my* warm tears flow'd amain,
And *my* sighs too re-echoed your own.
And you know when solicitude rais'd
The fond pray'r o'er the Babe while she slept,
I in sympathy silently gaz'd,
And I chided you not, when you wept.

But since the dear Babe is remov'd,
From those ills that encompass'd her here,
Present sorrow should now be reprov'd
As too churlish however sincere.
Think betimes,—('tis a hint from the muse)
Four darlings remain to be yours;—
Lest an obstinate selfishness lose,
What a cheerful oblation secures.

Ah! think while perversely you mourn
And combat the claim of the grave,
'Gainst your *God*, unsubmissive, ye turn,
And forbid him to take what he gave.
Restrain then the tear and the sigh,
And strive to be better resign'd;
Let affection with duty comply
And calmness shall solace the mind.

—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

To the Editor.

I SEE by your last that I have been promoted to the distinguished rank of the "Elbow Chair," and have seated myself to offer my acknowledgments for such proofs of your kind regard. I hope that my lucubrations, if they add no *brightness* to your Fireside, will never diminish its *warmth*; if they give no pleasure to your readers, they will never take away their virtues.

You have seen, by the small specimen I have given you of myself, that I am one of those old fashioned sort of folk who sometimes read the sacred writings. You will, therefore, not wonder if I should sometimes repeat a text, and (though but a layman) take the liberty of inforcing one. The Bible makes a large proportion of my library, which, though very limited, as to the number of volumes, is nevertheless extensive,—combining a variety of subjects, and exhibiting the most beautiful specimens of style. Indeed I consider my Bible as a library of itself, pleasing and useful. I am seldom a ta loss, if it is at hand; for if I feel disposed to hear a lesson of morality; if I wish to pore over the page of history, and view man in the infancy of society; or see him in the gradations from innocence to corruption, and reap the experience of ages that have gone before us; if my ear is attuned to melody, and I would hear the harmonious song of the poet; or if I would please thy eye with the richest scenery, I turn to that matchless volume the Bible; and if worn with the cares and perplexities of life, *thither* I fly for consolation, and my mind is soothed with its promises—*there* my imagination is feasted with the sublimest imagery, and my ear delighted with the sweetest melody;—*there* my understanding is informed; and *there*, I hope, my heart is made better.

However some may think, I conceive it to be no mark of true taste in the rising classes of society that they so much neglect the divinely illumined page: for, whose morality is so pure as that taught by the Bethlhemite? whose history combines greater variety of incident; or tells its tale with more interest than that of Moses? whose lyre sounds more sweetly than David's, the singer of Israel? who paints a sublimer scene thau Isaiah? and say, ye votaries of vanity, who can cure the wounds of sorrow like the good Samaratan?—

You see that Paine (with all his cunning) has not cheated me out of my belief in the scriptures; and I am too good at a bargain to give away my treasure, without some equivalent. The pleasure of thinking that I shall drop into nothing,—the honor of dying like the brute,—has no charms for me. I believe that I have a soul and I have no objection to pass an eternity in happiness.—

It is not my design to undervalue the writings of uninspired men. I only wish to see the sacred records elevated to their due degree of eminence; like a faithful map, they delineate the path to happiness and peace:—no sect needs fear them; for they are not sectical: no party needs shun them; for they are universally interesting.—

If pleasure be our aim, they need not be rejected; for they open a fountain of the purest delights and forbid nothing that would not mar and ultimately destroy our felicity. By them the feet of youth are guided in safety; the hands of manhood strengthened in virtue; and the griefs of declining life are soothed and assuaged.

I am sensible that on religious subjects little can be advanced that can claim originality. Christianity has had advocates among the greatest acholars and philosophers that have adorned the world; but I have made one observation which I do not remember to have heard or read.—With respect to the sacred writings I have always found, that in proportion as my relish for them was lively, so was my mind disposed to the love of virtue; but when I have at any time discovered in myself a distaste for them, I have had other reasons to believe that I had slidden from the path of rectitude. I have felt a secret uneasiness and dissatisfaction with myself, and have not regained my wonted tranquility until I regained a re-

lish for these invaluable writings.—A strong evidence that they are friendly to the growth of moral excellence.—

There are other remarkable properties solely belonging to the bible. It is always new, and always interesting. Other works become stale by use; losing their novelty they lose their charms though really excellent in themselves; but to the most tenacious memory, to the liveliest fancy, to the best of men, the holy scriptures furnish something not recollected, something unseen before, some new lesson of instruction: by them the imagination is never warmed at the expence of truth; while they amuse or astonish their readers by the beauty or grandeur of their scenes, they secretly establish the soul in virtue; they delight and improve us at the same time.

When I began I had no other prospect than to give you some account of myself, and perhaps I could not have done it better than by giving you (what I have done without premeditation) my sentiments on the bible. You will see that I am not yet refined by the new philosophy; do not deem Christianity a fable; nor reject the influence of religious obligation. But I may tell you further, that though I am none of the youngest I have not outlived the years of pleasure; nor do I embrace these sentiments because the powers of sensual enjoyment are exhausted by age. My religion is that of my unbiassed judgment; my pleasures though differing in some respects from those of the man of the world, are not less vivacious; my relish of life is as lively as his; my prospect of death less gloomy; and I have hope beyond the grave through the merits of a Redeemer.

These are a few traits in the character of your friend. Under the influence of such sentiments, if you still deem me worthy of a *seat* by your Fire-side, though I may be serious, I will endeavor to not be dull; though I may be cheerful, I will not be frivolous; and though in the course of conversation my topics may be various, I will never be licentious.

VAROLA.

—

For the Evening Fire-side.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Where rise the Alps, in misty glory crown'd
And snows eternal strew the rocks around;
Beneath the hardy Peasant's humble shed,
With rustic virtue, and industry bred,
Content resides, to cheer his daily toil,
The blooming Genius of the sterile soil.
As o'er the cliffs the Goatherd trips along,
And wakes the mountain echoes with his song;
The nymph attendant prompts the matin lay,
And, with her smiles, illumes his dreary way.
To him the rocks, that round his cottage rise,
And mountain summits, mingling with the skies,
Are dearer far than all the joys of art;
Or all the charms that wealth could e'er impart.
His wishes center'd in his native sphere,
No lurking demon whispers in his ear
The glitt'ring joys which in the world abound;
Where sordid slaves the shrine of Pomp surround,
Impels his steps beyond his hills to roam,
And leave content and innocence at home.

Bless'd is his lot—and bless'd his humble cheer,
Which fond affection's social charms endear,
Fearless he climbs the mountain's rugged steep,
Where winter's snows through circling ages sleep;
Health nerves his arm, invigorates his breast,
And gives his scanty meal her sacred zest.
At eve, returning to his humble shed,
A tranquil slumber hovers o'er his bed,
Though winds contending round his cottage roar,
And drifting snows assail his trembling door
Though dire destruction rear her awful form,
Howl in the furious blast, and guide the storm:
For honest peace and innocence can sleep,
When trembling pride and affluence wake and weep.

Rough as the soil, he owns no courtier grace,
Nor moulds to art his undissembling face;
For native honor rules his swelling breast:
And in his features every thought's express'd.
The child of nature in her wildest form
Nurs'd on the rocks and harden'd in the storm,
He unconcern'd can hear the thunder roll,
And view the lightning stream from pole to pole:
For calm content and innocence endear
The humble dwelling of the Mountaineer.

ANGUS.

—

On the tendency of the various branches of knowledge, and particularly the contemplation and observance of scientific truths, to enlarge and elevate the mind, and render it sensible of tender impressions.

"Nor deem the truths, PHILOSOPHY reveals,
"Corrupt the mind, or prompt to impious deeds.
"No. Superstition may, and nought so soon:
"But Wisdom, *never!*"

Good's Lucretius Lib. I.

"Knowledge is Power."

BACON.

NOTHING so powerfully excites the keenest indignation, affords the deepest abhorrence, and mingles these with the most tender sensations of pity, than the observance of so many arrogant, supercilious, paltry arguments, which have, in the different ages of the world, been adduced by the advocates of ignorance, against the cultivation of scientific knowledge: and even in the present day, but little commerce with mankind is necessary to exhibit the depravity of envy, and the contempt which is virulently indulged towards those, whose cultivation of mind enables them to perceive, and duly value the beauties of science. To refute them, would appear unnecessary, and beneath the dignity of learning; but their contaminating influence has, perhaps, extended with too enlarged a sway in the minds of unsuspicious innocence, and particularly spread in the bosoms of the youth of the present age; from whom, only, we must expect a glory, which will reflect lustre on us when we shall be no more, by our inculcation into their tender perceptions, and impression on their actions, of those principles which will flourish with vigor, and produce an exquisite source of calm joy in the moments of prosperity, and a permanent fountain of consolation in the tedious hours of anguish and misfortune.

It must be confessed by every one, who can acknowledge any thing to be right which *is* right, that all knowledge is in itself useful: every man would not only have no objections, but he would *wish* to possess it, although he is deterred from the attempt of gaining it, by the fear of not overcoming the difficulty of attainment: but if he could obtain it without trouble or anxiety, he would rejoice in its numerous benefits. But there are various species of it, which are not worth the labor of attaining, to particular individuals; to others, those very species are in the highest degree, beneficial. To condemn any branch, therefore, merely because it may not interest our inclications, or suit our purposes, without taking into view its utility to mankind, is not only culpable, but betrays a want of liberality, and evinces a narnow, ignorant mind, unwilling to grant to others that election which itself wishes to enjoy. I shall endeavor to exhibit to the unprejudiced, in the following observations, the utility and value of some of the most important, interesting, and instructive branches of scientific knowledge.

In the early ages of the world, man was by his nature and situation, necessarily and unavoidably exposed to the influence of the inconveniences that surrounded him. These he was unable to

remove, and consequently compelled to suffer; yet not, perhaps, without repining, and a distant hope, however, feeble, which he might fondly have cherished, of being freed from his evils, and relieved from his burden. Necessity produced exertion, and exertion soon led the way to invention. This was the faint dawn of the day of SCIENCE, emerging from a night of mental darkness; the clouds of barbarity and ignorance yet intercepted the prospect, and enveloped the view in gloom. Its noon was far distant, and is, even now, remotely separated from us, who boast of being so much *enlightened*. The first INVENTOR we *read** of, was Jubal; who "was the father (or tutor) of all such, as *handled the* HARP *and the* ORGAN,"† which we must suppose to have been already invented; whether by him or not is uncertain, but it is probable, that as he taught others, he must have known, in a superior degree, the uses of those instruments, which must have been very imperfect‡ in that day, by the *invention* or construction of them, himself. He was a cotemporary with Tubal-Cain, "an instructor of every *artificer* in *brass* and *iron*." Hence MECHANIC ARTS began their rise. By conquering one impediment, man was more readily enabled to overcome another, and he thus passed gradually from improvement to improvement, from one convenience to another, until SCIENCE expanded her airy wings, and hovered over the civilized societies of men. Here, then, was the *necessity* and great importance of knowledge most powerfully manifested, even in the earliest ages of the world!

It was found in the progress of observation and experience, that men could enjoy the pleasures of life in a greater degree, and suffer less of its pains, by uniting in SOCIETIES: and these congregated multitudes enacted laws for the government of the vicious part of the community, in which the good relinquished a few of their privileges of unlimited liberty, to secure the safety and preservation of the whole. They now were empowered to feel and acknowledge the blessings of wise regulations, and improvements deduced from sound principles. Science flourishes more luxuriantly in a city, than in a desert. In the latter, convenience and the absolute necessaries of life are sought; in the former, luxury creates artificial wants, which require new means for their indulgence and gratification.

THUS have the various improvements in the sciences and the arts, in the morals, customs, and laws of mankind, all originated, and gradually progressed to their present stage. In this expansive field, let us separately view some of the more important features, and we shall have cause to admire, and be *silent*.

Man is made from the dust of the *earth*: thence he was taken,—his elegant and symmetrical form was moulded by the plastic hand of Divine Power, and to it he *must* finally return, in the course of an irrevocable law of nature, established by the same Power, the transmigration of matter. He breathes the *air*, which is absolutely essential to his existence, the *waters* quench his thirst, when suffering in the heat of noon-tide, and teem with millions of animals, which afford him food, and whose structure excites his admiration: and the element of *fire* is reduced to a passive subjection to his will. Hence he is placed in the centre of an inexhaustible field of wonder and astonishment: for what ever THESE contain, are presented to him for utility, and for pleasure. The contemplation and study of them, or NATURAL HISTORY, is one of the most interesting themes which can possibly be presented to his mind; and exhibits a more enlarged and comprehensive view of the Lord of Nature, than he can by any other means gain, while he remains resolved to grovel in the dust of ignorance, and obstinately persists in his reluctance to soar above his grosser perceptions—his sensual gratifications. To consider, then, the various component particles of the earth beneath him, cannot appear in the eye of reason and of science absurd or prejudicial. *Mineralogy* enables him to form utensils for his operations, from the ores of metals, and convenient media for communication with his fellow men: hence the diamond sparkles on the diadem of the king, and the emerald glitters on the finger of the princess: hence are produced the principal materials of that extensively useful art, printing, by whose means, knowledge has, in so great a degree, been extended even to the uttermost parts of the earth! An acquaintance with this branch of physiology will also enable him to pierce the bowels of the earth, ransack its recesses, and bring from its dark and neglected caverns, numberless conveniences; from these he procures salt—the powerful antiseptic and condiment of his food in the *hotter* climes, and coal, to exhilarate him with genial warmth in the *colder* regions of the North.

Another branch of Natural History is *Phytology*, or the history of plants. The eye of man connot wander over the verdant face of creation, without being saluted with wonders in the vegetable world: nor can his mind, if enkindled with the least *lambent flame* of sensibility, receive the blessings and bounties around him, and refrain from being thankful. To contemplate the various uses of the different fluids which circulate through the body of a plant—to ascertain the beneficial products obtained from the peculiar organization of the vegetable—to mark its respiration, secretions, and sleep, with other functions so analogous to the laws and phenomena of animal life, offer, indeed, an inexhaustible fund of intellectual pleasure and improvment. The plants pay their annual and perennial tributes to man; the cotton and flax clothe him, the farina and the sugar afford him nourishment, and delicious fruits of every kind regale his palate. Hence are derived the daily potations, generally used by man in civilized life, tea, coffee, chocolate; hence his favourite, though noisome weed, tobacco, his enlivener, wine.

The *Animal Kingdom* also claims his regard: he exercises an unlimited dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the earth, and the fishes of the sea. He cannot observe the noble and useful qualities of the horse, the fidelity and warm attachment of the dog, or the towering flight of the eagle, without emotion.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY or PHYSICS, presents a boundless view of causes and effects. *Optics*, with its co-relatives *catoptrics* and *dioptrics*, capacitates man to renew the declining vigour of his sight in the debile hours of age—the blushing female to view her charms in the polished mirror, and the philosophic inquirer to extend his vision from this speck to other worlds—to new scenes of existence, where the eye of reason and imagination can discern myriads of be-

* Adam and his more early successors, *tilled* the ground. Gen. ii. 15.—iv. 2. The latter built cities. iv. 17. These operations required the assistance of tools. Inventions, therefore, appear to be coeval with the formation of man himself: and after the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, which brought "sin and misery," and consequently *necessity*—into the world, we see them immediately beginning to flourish.

† Gen. iv. 21.

‡ A few strings and reeds, perhaps, composed the whole of these instruments of music.

ings, similar, perhaps, to us, glorying in life, and variety of intellect. How noble the thought!—How repressing to vanity, and all the selfish emotions of the heart! The *arched bow*—*the covenant between God and man, unfolds its splendor to the enraptured sight; while, by the aid of Physics, the latter studies to search its cause,

"And pleas'd untwists the sevenfold threads of light."†

From the doctrine of SOUNDS, he learns to animate his inactive hours, and soothes his turbulent passions into repose, by the charms of Music:—the choristers of the forest "warble their native wood-notes wild"‡ in his ravished ear,

"While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove
"Is *melody*!——————"‖

The swell of the organ, the dulcet symphony of the lyre, the loud clangor of the trumpet all enliven his soul—enchain and enrapture his heart.

HYDRODYNAMICS, the science of the pressure and motion of *fluids*, is not deficient in interest, nor useless in practice. Every day exhibits its importance, and this rising and flourishing city, at the present time, owes one of its most beneficial appendages§ to this source, in conjunction with PNEUMATICS. To the latter we are indebted for the thermometer, barometer, and hygrometer; and to it we ascribe a great number of our most necessary and useful instruments. From our knowledge of these branches, we learn to add to the comforts, and increase the innocent pleasures of many-colored life.

It would be an insult to common understandings, to endeavor to shew the importance and utility of the MECHANIC ARTS. By their aid the rapid flight of time is regulated with precision—*Architecture* expands her domes, *Sculpture* betrays her modest symmetry, and *Trades* and *Manufactures* follow in the train of Invention and Perseverance.

The limits prescribed to me in this miscellany, will not allow me to continue my observations at present. The proper display of the principles, use, and tendency of knowledge, requires, indeed, a much greater length of time, than my abilities are capable of affording it; nor would it prove of any service to my readers. In my next paper, the interesting subject which has been introduced to their notice, will be treated, though not perhaps with the justice it deserves, at least with that conciseness, which I am compelled to adopt in this instance.

N. O.

* Gen. ix. 12. 13.
† Darwin. Botan. Gar. ‡ Milton. L'Allegro.—
§ The Steam-Engine. ‖ Thompson. Spring.—

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

I find our chimney-corner friend
Seems very free his aid to lend,
T'exclude a "dull and dangerous light."
And something substitute more bright.—
His universal genius can,
Without the aid of any man,
Teach us at one and the same time,
To "flatly spit," and flatly rhyme;
And tho' his English is obscure
His Irishisms are neat and pure.
His antidote to scribling itch,
Is inoffensive as a "Switch."
And may, I think, be safely taken,
Without endangering our bacon.
Of simples 'tis composed alone;—
Do make its virtues better known,
And you'll enlist upon your side,
A friend to Switches well appli'd

January 7th.

Memoirs of the life of Catherine Macaulay Graham.

[*Concluded.*]

The apartments provided for the travellers, near the Luxembourg palace, on their arrival at Paris, were commodious and elegant. Mrs. Macaulay found her health so much amended by the journey, that, in a few days she collected around her, by her letters of introduction, an agreeable society. Persons of the first rank and eminence were gratified with the opportunity of paying their respects to an English woman, whose talents entitled her to distinction. Among the number of her visitors were the family of the count de Sarsfield; the dukes of Harcourt and Liancourt; the chevalier de Rigemont: the abbe Colbert, a descendant of the great financier of that name; madame Boccage, madame Grigson, &c. with lord Stormont, the English embassador. Dr. Franklin was at that time in Paris; Mrs. Macaulay met him several times among the literati of Paris, at dinners given on her account, but she never received him at her hotel. During a day which she passed at monsieur Turgot's, with a large party, she was introduced to the celebrated Marmontel, and to the widow of the philosopher Helvetius, a woman of an extraordinary character.—In these societies, so congenial to her disposition, she experienced a high gratification, and appeared with peculiar spirit and advantage. The pleasure which she inspired was equally lively with that she received: the universal information which her conversation displayed, appeared to her auditors not less admirable than her historical acquisitions, and the powers of her mind. Her brilliant talents for conversation, with the variety of her knowledge, and the vivacity of her imagination, rendered her a most interesting and instructive companion.

With a mind too enlightened for bigotry, and an enemy to mere forms of devotion, often absurd, and always spiritless, the freedom with which she delivered her sentiments on these subjects, drew upon her the imputation of scepticism and infidelity. These assertions are declared, by her friend, to have been ill founded, as proved by some passages in her treatise on the "Immutability of truth." "She confirmed the reality of her prepossession," says the lady already quoted, "in favour of the Christian revelation, by the most diligent cultivation of benevolence towards mankind, and the most exact moral rectitude in every action of her life." "She had those hopes, and that confident expectation of her own future happiness, which Christian faith and conscious rectitude only can inspire." In testimony of this opinion, Mrs. Arnold refers to a conversation which passed between herself and Mrs. Macaulay, when her health was in a languishing state, at Abbeville, in their way to Paris. After reproving her friend's too great sensibility and solicitude on her account, "I thought and hoped," said she, "that you viewed my death but as a short separation between virtuous friends, and that your assurance of a re-union with me, in a more perfect state, would have preserved you from being thus severely affected by the idea of my dissolution." She went on to console her companion and fellow-traveller in the same strain—"Consider our parting," said she, "but as a short privation; for, be assured, the friendship of the good will not be dissolved by death: we shall again unite in another life." The feeble state of her frame, and consequent sufferings, she said, naturally led her to these reflections. She considered the present state of being but as the dawning of existence, nor did she shrink from its termination as a subject of terror, but was rather prepared to meet her change with confidence and satisfaction. Her researches, she observed, into the nature

of God and of man, and the relations subsisting between them, would have been vain, had it not brought her to this conclusion; vain also would have been her convictions of the truth of the Christian revelation, and the recompence which its author promises to his disciples. She trusted, she declared, in that Being, who had not given her capacities of enjoyment for no adequate end, that he would preserve and support her through the various stages of an everlasting existence. She lamented the prevalence of sense, and the pursuits by which the mind, capable of sublimer flights, was bound down to earth and inferior gratifications. She called upon her friend to observe and to witness, that, in her present enfeebled situation, her prospects grew brighter with her progress towards the grave: she anticipated the period when her spirit, disencumbered of its tenement, should no longer be impeded in its aspirations and researches, and when, in the presence of the Supreme Intelligence, it should find the sources of knowledge, of science, and of beauty, laid open to its view, while its capacities and powers should expand without bounds. In this exalted and visionary strain she continued, at intervals, through the day to expatiate; while she seemed to derive peculiar pleasure from the idea of the future re-union of the virtuous: a cheering and delightful notion to susceptible and tender minds!

Her visit to Paris was critically timed, at the period when Great-Britain, at war with her colonies, beheld the French government with a jealous eye. The *habeas corpus* act was also at that time suspended in England. In these circumstances, Mrs. Macaulay was peculiarly cautious to give no offence to the administration of her country, by entering with too much fervour into the cause of the Americans; or by appearing to have any other views in her excursion to France (by which the colonies were assisted and favored,) than for the benefit and restoration of her health. During the six weeks that she remained in Paris, her apartments were crowded with visitors, and her invitations to dinner daily multiplied. Among the Americans who were at that time numerous at Paris, those who were eminent for their learning or talents seized every opportunity of observing the fair historian, and mingling in the societies she was accustomed to frequent.—Apprehensive, from these circumstances, lest her conduct should be misconstrued, and finding her health much amended since she had quitted England, she determined to give up the idea of proceeding southward, and the rather as the season of the year was unfavorable to travelling, and to the accommodations indispensable to an invalid. The end of her journey was in part accomplished, and business rendered her presence necessary at home. These motives combined to influence her to bid adieu to the hospitable societies at Paris, and to return once more to her native land. In a letter to Dr. Franklin, before her departure, she informed him of the motives by which she had been induced to wave the satisfaction of seeing him and his American friends at her hotel. The circumstances of the times, and of her known republican principles, rendered her liable to suspicions; and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in England to consequences, which, in the delicate state of her heath, could not but prove fatal.—"The whole tenor of my conduct must have convinced you, sir," says she, towards the conclusion of her letter, "that I should with pleasure sacrifice my life, could it be of any real service to the cause of public freedom. I am now nursing my constitution, to enable me to treat at large, in the history in which I am at present engaged, on our fatal civil war. I am, sir, with profound respect for your great qualities, as a statesman, patriot, and philosopher, yours, &c. &c."

Having been personally acquainted with the greater number of the celebrated Americans who had visited England, and in the habit of corresponding with those who had distinguished themselves on the other side of the Atlantic, Mrs. Macaulay was very desirous of making a visit to the transatlantic republic; a design which she executed in 1785. She visited nine of the thirteen United States, by whom she was received with kindness and hospitality. She terminated her journey to the south by paying her respects to General Washington, at his seat at Mount Vernon in Virginia. Under the roof of this illustrious man she remained three weeks; and continued to correspond with him during the remainder of her life.

It seemed to have been her intention, after her return to England, to have composed a history of the American contest; for which purpose she had been furnished by General Washington with many materials. It is to be regretted that, thus qualified, she was, by the infirm state of her health for some years prior to her death, prevented from the execution of her plan. She resided during the greater part of the remainder of her life at Binfield in Berkshire; where, after a tedious illness, attended by much suffering, which she supported with exemplary patience and fortitude, she expired, June 22, 1791. She was interred in the chancel of Bingfield church, under an elegant marble monument executed by Mr. Bacon.

She was twice married: the first time to Dr. George Macaulay, a physician of some eminence in London; and, after his death, to Mr. William Graham, who had also been educated to the profession of physic, but who afterwards entered into the church. A daughter was the fruit of her first marriage; who gave her hand to captain Gregory, many years a commander in the East-India service, in which he acquired an ample fortune: his wife has since become a widow, with four children.

Hay's Female Biography.

Manners and Customs.

"From an Italian missionary," says Michael Symes, who had resided many years in the interior of Asia, "I received information of a singular people called CARAYNERS, or CARIANERS, that inhabit different parts of the country, particularly the western provinces of *Dalla* and *Bassien*, several societies of whom also dwell in the districts adjacent to *Ran-gooen*. He represented them as a simple, innocent race, speaking a language distinct from the *Birmans*, and entertaining rude notions of religion. They lead quite a pastoral life, and are the most industrious subjects of the state: their villages form a select community, from which they exclude all other sects, and never reside in a city, intermingle, or marry with strangers. They *profess and strictly observe universal peace*, never *engaging* in war, nor taking part in contest for dominion, a system that necessarily places them in a state of subjection to the ruling power of the day. Agriculture, the care of cattle, and rearing poultry, is almost their only occupation. A great part of the provisions used in the country is raised by the *Carianers*, and they particularly excel in gardening. They have, of late years, been heavily taxed and oppressed by the great Birman landholders, in consequence of which numbers have withdrawn into the mountains of Arracar. They have traditional

maxims of jurisprudence for their internal government, but are without any written laws: custom, with them, constitutes the laws: some learn to speak the Birman tongue, and a few can read and write imperfectly.

"They are timorous, honest, mild in their manners, and exceedingly hospitable to strangers."

Of the manners and customs of the people of BIRMAN the same writer, who is a person of great observation, perseverance, and respectability, gives the following honorable testimony: "There were severe edicts against gambling, and a prohibition was extended throughout the empire against the use of spirituous liquors; and being found in a state of intoxication, a second time was punishable with death.—Their laws are admirably good, and the rulers as well as the common people are in subjection to them. How far the obedience of the former to the laws was required, we may judge from this quotation from one of them: "It shall be the duty of a prince, and the magistrates of a prince, wisely to regulate the internal police of the empire; to assist and befriend the peasants, merchants, farmers, and those who follow trades, that they may daily increase in wordly wealth and happiness; they shall promote all works of charity; encourage the opulent to relieve the poor, and liberally contribute to pious and laudable purposes. And what good works soever shall be promoted by their influence and example shall be given in charity; and whatsoever benefit shall accrue to mankind from their endeavors, it shall all be preserved in the records of Heaven, one sixth part of which, though the deeds of others, shall be ascribed unto them: and at the last day, at the solemn and awful hour of judgment, the recording spirit shall produce them, inscribed on the adamantine tablet of human actions. But on the other hand, if the prosperity of the nation be neglected; if justice be suffered to lie dormant; if tumults arise, and robberies are committed; if rapine and foul assassination stalk along the plain; of all crimes that shall be thus perpetrated through their remissness, one sixth part shall be brought to their account, and fall with mighty vengeance on their heads,—the dreadful consequences of which surpass the power of tongue to utter or of pen to express.—Thus have the learned spoken, and thus have the wise decreed, that LITIGATION may cease among men, and contention be banished the land; and let all magistrates, and judges, expound the laws, as they are herein written, and to the extent of their understanding, and according to the dictates of their conscience."

[*Lymes's Account of an Embassy to Ava.*

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[An attention to the visible administration of providence is a delightful employment to a devout mind. To contemplate the Creator of heaven and earth in the magnificence of his works, enlarges and elevates the soul—lifts it above the impertinence of vulgar cares, and gives it a kind of heavenly preexistence. To consider the benevolent purposes for which he called forth this variety and multitude of beings, that comes under our cognisance, must be a perpetual source of comfort. A rational creature, that is conscious of deriving its existence from a being of infinite goodness and power, cannot properly entertain any prospect but of happiness. By the imperfection of its nature it may fall into temporary evils; but these cannot justly be the subject of complaint, when we reflect that this very *imperfection* was necessary, to a probatory life, and that, without it, there could neither have been virtue, nor the rewards of virtue. Every degree of excellence depends upon comparison. Were there no *deformity* in the world, we should have no distinct ideas of beauty; were there no possibility of vice, there would be no such thing as virtue; and were the life of man exempt from misery, happiness would be a term of which we could not know the meaning.]

PSALM CVII.

Yet once more wake the strain of grateful praise,
To that eternal Power whose mercy shines
O'er all his works, immortal! Let them wake
The grateful strain once more, those happier sons,
Whom his hand rescued from the hostile chain
Of old captivity! from climes remote,
From the first openings of the orient day,
From Hesper's silver floodgates, from the star
That shoots its pale rays o'er the shivering north,
From Egypt's tyrant shores, his parent voice
Their scattered trains assembled. Long they stray'd
Thro' wild woods unfrequented; long; nor found
City, nor safe abode; till nature sunk
With meagre want opprest, and the faint pulse
Of life beat weakly: Then with humble prayer
To heaven they turn'd repentant, nor unheard.
  Eternal Mercy led the wanderers forth
  To habitable towns, and safe abodes.
O for the spirit of exalted praise,
To blazon high those acts of power divine,
Those boundless mercies that embrace mankind!
  From him our various appetites and powers,
  Moral or sensual, meet supply derive.
    They, thrice unhappy! o'er whose joyless heads
  Grim darkness hovers; they who lonely dwell
  In death's uncheerful shade, afflicted, bound
  In cold imprisoning chains the sad reward
  Of impious daring, and rebellious deeds,
  When heavenly Justice, with her radiant arm
  Smites their proud hearts; e'en they, by humble prayer,
    Unfold sweet Mercy's easy-sliding gates;
    Their iron bondage bursts, and forth they rush
    From death's dim shadow to the golden day.
O for the spirit of exalted praise,
To blazon high those acts of power divine,
Those boundless mercies that embrace mankind!
  Before his puissant arm the brazen might
  Of strong gates shivers, and in pieces falls
  The firm bar.
    Folly's vain votaries, from disorder wild,
  And mad intemperance, reaping painful fruits,
  Disease and langour to the dreary door
  Of death move trembling.—Then with humble prayer,
  To heaven they turn repentant, nor unheard,
  Health's rosy light relumes the languid cheek,
  And *Ruin* quits his meditated prey.
O for the spirit of exalted praise,
To blazon high those acts of power divine,
Those boundless mercies that embrace mankind!
  Let man for ever wake the grateful strain,
  The sacrifice of reason; ever sing
  His Maker's works, and triumph in the song.
    The bold adventurers on the stormy breast
  Of ocean, tenants of the wat'ry world,
  Mark in the mighty waste of seas and skies,
  Magnificence Divine. At his command
  The swift wind sweeps the billows; up they rise
  Infuriate to the vault of heaven, then down
  Precipitately steep, disparting, ope
  The vast abyss voracious. Ah! where then,
  Weak mariners, your hopes? Then the heart faints
  From side to side they run, they reel, they fall,
  Inebriate with confusion. Naught remains
  But trembling prayer, the last appeal to Heaven.
  Nor vain the last appeal. Already, see!
  The rapid storm subsides, and the wave sleeps.
  Alert within the merry sailor's heart
  Springs hope; and soon he hails the welcome port.
O for the spirit of exalted praise,
To blazon high those acts of power divine,
Those boundless mercies that embrace mankind!
  From the full choir of undistinguish'd crowds,
  From wisdom's chosen synod, crown'd with years,
  To Him forever flow collective praise!
    Where in wild sweetness rose the sallying spring,
  Where spread the copious river, where display'd
  The vale its verdant honors, barren lies
  A dry waste, mark of Heaven's avenging hand;
  When sacred justice spoke the doom of guilt.
    But lo! where once the dry waste barren lay,
  There in wild sweetness flows the sallying spring,
  There spreads the copious river, there displays
  The vale its verdant honors; hamlets fair,
  Rich harvests, blushing vineyards, golden fruits,
  And flocks abundant, the long famish'd swain
  Beholds delighted. Heaven's peculiar care
  Are all affliction's children: when the yoke
  Of stern oppression sinks the weary heart,

Perish the stern oppressors; low in dust,
Low lies each princely head, while guarded safe,
As flocks reposing in their evening fold,
The peasant sleeps in peace. O sight of joy
To faithful piety! of conscious pain,
And keen conviction, to the heart of guilt?
This, this is wisdom's lesson to explore
The active scheme of Providence, to learn
His love divine, and, learning, to confide.

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A MORNING WALK IN THE METROPOLIS.

About the beginning of December, on going out of my house, I was accosted by a tall thin man, whose countenance exhbited such a picture of distress and poverty as fixed my attention, and induced me to inquire into his situation. He informed me he was a day-labourer, just recovered from sickness, and that feeble as he then was, in order to procure sustenance for a sick family at home, he was compelled to seek for work, and to exert himself much beyond his strength; and he added, that he lived in a court called Little Greenwich, in Aldergate street. This poor object seemed to feel distress too deeply, to be an impostor, and I could not avoid bestowing some means of obviating his present want, for which he retired bowing, with tears in his eyes; but when he got out of my sight, his image was present with me, I was then sorry that my generosity had not been equal to my sensibility, and this induced me to attempt finding out his family. He had mentioned that his name was Foy; and by the information he gave me, I discovered his miserable habitation; with difficulty I found my way up a dark passage and stair-case to a little chamber furnished with one bedstead; an old box was the only article that answered the purpose of a chair, the furniture of the bed consisted in a piece of old ticken, and a worn-out blanket, which constituted the only couch, except the floor, whereon this afflicted family could recline their heads to rest, and what a scene did they present! Near the centre of the bed lay the mother with a half shift, and covered as high as the middle with the blanket. She was incapable of telling her complaints. The spittle, for want of some fluid to moisten her mouth, had dried upon her lips, which as well as her gums, were covered with a black crust—the concomitant symptoms of a putrid fever, the disorder under which she labored, in its most malignant state At another end of the blanket was extended a girl about five years old: it had rolled from under this covering and was totally naked, except its back, on which a blister plaister was tied by a piece of packthread crossed over its breast; and though laboring under this dreadful fever, the poor creature was asleep. On one side of its mother, on the floor, or rather on an old box, lay a girl about twelve years old; she was in part covered with her gown and petticoat, but she had no shift. The fever had not bereaved her of her senses; she was perpetually moaning out, 'I shall die of thirst; pray give me some water to drink.' Near her stood another girl, about four years old, barefooted; her whole covering was a loose piece of petticoat thrown over her shoulders; and to this infant it was that her sister was crying for water.

I now experienced how greatly the sight of real misery exceeds the description of it.

What a contrast did this scene exhibit to the plenty and elegance which reigned within the extent of a few yards only! For this miserable receptacle was opposite to the stately edifice of an alderman, and still nearer were many spacious houses and shops. I have observed that the daughter, who was sretched on the floor, was still able to speak. She told me that something was the matter with her mother's side, and asked me to look at it. I turned up an edge of the blanket, and found that a very large mortification had taken place, extending from the middle of the body to the middle of the thigh, and of a hand's breadth; the length was upwards of a half yard, and to stop its progress nothing had been applied. It was a painful sight to behold; and many not less painful exist in this metropolis. I procured medical assistance immediately, and for a trifling gratuity got a neighbour to nurse the family. The churchwarden, to whom I made application, heard their history with much concern, and added his humane aid, to rescue from death a poor and almost expiring family. I have, however, the pleasure to conclude this relation of their unspeakable distress, by communicating their total deliverance from it; which I think may be justly attributed to the timely assistance administered."

LETTSOM.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

Whether we cast our eyes on the effeminate and indolent inhabitants of the east, or turn our attention to the more sturdy savages of the western hemisphere, still we shall find the effects of early education too potent for time to efface, or death itself to conquer. A sensible and accomplished traveller of my own sex, after having given a concise, but striking account of the religion and manners of the Hindoos, observes as follows:*—'It is astonishing with what strictness the Hindoos observe these rules, *even to starving themselves to death, rather than break through them.* The children of the Hindoos are not to be tempted to eat any thing forbidden, either by persuasion or by offering them the greatest delicacies; which I have often been witness of. *It is the first impression their minds receive;* they are used to seeing it strictly observed by their own and other casts; it grows up with them as the first and most absolute law, and is perhaps observed with more strictness than any other law, religious or civil, by any nation under the sun.'

Never, surely, was the abiding influence of first impression more evidently displayed than in this firm and undeviating adherence to early principles, evinced by a people remarkable for feebleness of mind and gentleness of manners.—That fortitude, or rather torpid resignation, with which this feeble race have been observed to endure the extremity of bodily suffering, may with more justice be attributed to the early inspired sentiment than to causes merely physical, is rendered obvious by the similar operation of similar causes in a people whose character and manners are in other respects very widely different. That contempt of pain and death, which forms such a prominent feature in the character of the American savage, can by no means be ascribed to an organization and temperament similar to that of the Hindoo. It is explained by the honest traveller Charlevoix in a few words, when, after having given some astonishing instances of the amazing constancy and firmness evinced by the savages of both sexes in bearing the extremes of bodily torture, 'suffering for many hours, and sometimes for many days together, the sharpest effects of fire, and all that the most industrious fury could invent to make it most painful, without letting a sigh escape;' he

* See Mrs. Kindersley's Letters from India.

adds,' the savages exercise themselves in this *all their lives, and accustom their children to it from their tenderest years.*' We have seen little boys and girls tie themselves together by one arm, and *tie a lighted coal between them, to see which of them would shake it off first.*'

If education can thus conquer the most powerful feelings of nature, subdue appetite, and render the soul superior to physical sensation; what may it not be expected to effect when directed to the control of the malevolent passions, the subjugation of the irregular appetites, the cultivation of benevolence, and the improvement of intellect? The pains that are taken by the Hindoo to associate the idea of *good* with the duties prescribed by his religion, and the idea of evil with the slightest deviation from the rules of his cast, are rendered effectual from the period of their commencement; while the associations thus produced are made permanent by the force of habit and example. Were the practice of the parent at war with his precepts; did he indulge himself in eating of the forbidden food, while he gave grave lessons to his children on the duty of abstaining from it; can we believe that the impression made upon the minds would be powerful or abiding? If while *by words* he expressed his abhorrence of those who, by a breach of the laws of Brama, had lost their cast, he received, cherished, and caressed these degenerate beings; would all the indignation he could express, lead the witnesses of his conduct to associate the idea of loss of cast with irremediable disgrace? Such inconsistencies the Hindoo and the savage leave to the practice of the enlightened christians of Europe!

[*Elizabeth Hamilton's Letters on Education.*

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FAMILY RIVALRY.

A window was pointed out to me, remarkable for a curious anecdote, relating to the contest for precedence, between the rival houses of Perthir and Werndee, which, though less bloody, was not less obstinate, than that between the houses of York and Lancaster. Mr. Proger dining with a friend at Monmouth, proposed riding to Werndee in the evening but his friend objecting, because it was late and likely to rain, Mr. Proger replied; 'with regard to the lateness of the hour, we shall have moonlight; and should it happen to rain, Perthir is not far from the road, and my cousin Powell will, I am sure, give us a night's lodging.'—They accordingly mounted their horses, but being soon overtaken by a violent shower, rode to Perthir, and found all the family retired to rest. Mr. Proger, however, calling to his cousin, Mr. Powell opened the window, and looking out, asked, 'in the name of wonder, what means all this noise? who is there?'—'It is only I, your cousin Proger, of Werndee, who am come to your hopitable door for shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and hope you will be so kind as to give me and my friend a lodging.'—'What! is it you, cousin Proger! you and your friend shall be instantly admitted, but upon one condition, that you will allow, and never will hereafter dispute, that I am the head of the family.'—'What did you say?' returned Mr. Proger. 'Why, I say, if you expect to pass the night in my house, you must allow that I am the head of the family.'—'No, sir, I never would admit that, were it to rain swords and daggers, I would ride this night to Werndee, rather than lower the consequence of my family. Come up, Bald, come up.'—'Stop a moment, cousin Proger; have you not often confessed, that the first Earl of Pembroke (of the name of Herbert) was the youngest son of Perthir, and will you sit yourself above the Earl of Pembroke?'—'True, I must give place to the Earl of Pembroke, because he is a peer of the realm; but still, though a peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Werndee, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthir; whereas I am descended from the eldest son. Indeed my cousin Jones of Lamarth is of an older branch than you, and he never disputes that I am the head of the family.'—'Why cousin Proger, I have no more to say, so good night to you.'—'Stop a moment Mr. Powell,' said the stranger, 'you see how it pours, do admit me at least; I will not dispute with you about our families.'—Pray, sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?—'My name is ***, and I come from the country of ***.'—'A Saxon of course; it would be very curious indeed, sir, should I dispute with a Saxon about families; no, sir, you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend, and so a pleasant ride to you both.'

[*Coxe's Historical Tour in Monmouthshire.*

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

What gratitude can be expected by him whose favors are conferred with contempt?—Does not the humiliation of receiving such a gift more than balance the obligation?

Endeavor to avoid that company by which thou canst not improve,—and to improve by that which thou canst not avoid.

Alcibiades who had frequently experienced the inflexibility of Socrates in refusing every proffered gift, was wont to say, that Ajax was more vulnerable by steel, than Socrates by gold. We are not however to infer, that he never received a benefit; for Seneca relates, that he made no difficulty of asking for a coat when he had not the means to purchase one. His custom was invariably to refuse whatever was not strictly indispensable. He used to say to his wife Xantippe, who by no means relished such scruples, "if we too readily accept whatever is offered us, we, when necessity obliges us to ask, shall find no one wiling to grant relief.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

'At our *Fire-side*, *Taper*, and *phosphoric light*,'
Whilst ALIQUEM prizes th'indulgence
To sit and 'be cheer'd,'—we can't fail to grow bright,
And banish the gloom of a cold wintry night
By the help of his "*stellar effulgence.*'

To him in return for the friendly remark
"That we do not extinguish our phosphor,"
And so let our company sit in the dark—
We would hint our warm hopes, that a *neighbourly spark*
We shall never be quite at a loss for.

The extract from Ferguson's Astronomy and the remarks upon ascertainsng true or equated time, which accompany it, are intended for our next.

The *fugitive* Epistle which was *arrested* by our *friend Amicus*, shall be safely *committed* to the—press.—*Information* has been received of many literary *waifs* and *strays* of more merit than note, in this city, which might, by a little vigilance, be traced to their hiding places; or enticed to our *pinfold*.

The LINES written by "a plain man," are objectionable. They lack literary merit, and they abound in acrimony. The writer errs in thinking a sour zeal the proper bait by which converts to Christianity are caught.

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